Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annointed let me with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries courſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when *I* ſay, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth *I* accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept my eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more thē from my ſoule *I* mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut.Glo. A due poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Du.Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Ente
ham, Catetby,

King. Stand all apart. Co
Giue me thy hand:
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is king R
But ſhall we weare theſe ho
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rei
Buc. Still liue they, and fo
Kin.Ri. O Buckingham,
To trie if thou be currant go
Yong Edward liues: thinke
Buc. Say on my gratious
King. Why Buckingham
Buc. Why ſo you are my
King. Ha: am I king? tis
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequen
That Edward ſtill ſhould liu
Coſen, thou wert not wont
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the
And I would haue it ſudden
What ſaiſt thou? ſpeake ſud
Buc. Your Grace may do
King. Tut, tut, thou art al
Say, haue I thy conſent that
Buc. Giue me ſome breat
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake h
I will reſolue your Grace in
Cat. The king is angry,
King. I will conuerſe wit
And vnreſpectiue boyes, n
That looke into me with co
Boy, high reaching Bucking
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not

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